



CUTTING—VERY.

"So Mary Jane, your Policeman has been taken off this beat! As you're fond of Low Company, you had better ask the new 'un to Supper.'"

[MONSIEUR JACK KETCH, HOMME DE LETTRES.

THE French are great devourers of *Mémoires*, we are well aware, but we little suspected that their taste would ever sink so low as to devour *Les Mémoires de Mons. Sanson*. The SANSONS have held in France the hereditary post of public executioner for ages past. Long before the Reign of Terror, the CALCRAFT of France was represented by a SANSON. It would seem, however, that business has lately been so bad—the stereotyped tag of *circonstances atténuantes* which a French jury almost invariably appends to its verdict, even in the most flagrant cases, has robbed the executioner of so many of his dread perquisites—that the family has in despair been compelled to send in its resignation. Distress has driven the SANSONS to adopt as their motto "Live and let Live;" and hence, by way of eking out a living, the publication of these revolting memoirs. At one time we had our Newgate school of literature that made heroes of thieves and highwaymen. In the like manner, it would seem that the literature of France, after frequenting the lowest of low haunts, and revelling in every possible profligacy and vice, has at last gone to the gallows. It has received its final *coup de grâce* from the guillotine. Does it not appear only a just gradation, and fit termination, in scaling the ladder of immorality, that writers like DUMAS fils and the authors of *Fanny* and *Madame de Bovary*, should be succeeded by a SANSON? It is the crowning degradation. The last act of justice that MONS. SANSON, before retiring from office, should have performed, ought to have been to burn his own *Mémoires*.

Soon Done with Him.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Times*, and admits of the promptest answer:—

TIME AND CAPITAL.—A gentleman, having £500 at his command, is anxious to employ that and his time advantageously. Address, &c.

Let him call at 85, Fleet Street, hand the £500 to the publisher, receive in return the back volumes of *Punch*, and occupy himself in reading those books until the end of what will thus be made a happy life.

SYKES ON THE SPIKES.

It is extremely easy to find fault with people, who have done much for not doing more, but *Punch* has seldom seen a case in which this pleasing duty was more coolly performed than by COLONEL SYKES at the British Institution. The discourse was on MR. GLAISHER's balloon ascents, and that gentleman had modestly detailed his performance with MR. COXWELL, and how they had been almost frozen to death at a height of six miles, beyond which he did not believe it safe to ascend. "Oh, bother," says COLONEL SYKES, "people may go up at least seven miles and a half. You two fellows may have felt cold, perhaps, but then I dare say you're a chilly lot. Don't limit folks by your own personal feelings." Hearing this, *Punch* naturally began to consider who the brave SYKES was, and remembered that he was a gentleman of 72, who had been a gallant soldier in India, variously distinguished in civil matters, and who sat for Aberdeen. But Mr. *Punch* was unable to discover any particular motive for the Colonel's scoff at the aeronauts, until, looking to DON, the former read, "Served gratuitously as a Royal Commissioner in Lunacy." A gentleman who would attend to lunatic matters for nothing may be permitted wild ideas about the ease of approaching the moon.

The American Chess-Players.

ALTHOUGH of conquest Yankee North despairs,
His brain for some expedient wild he racks,
And thinks that having failed on the white squares,
He can't do worse by moving on the Blacks.

A QUESTION FOR CATTLE CLUBS.

A FARMER in the neighbourhood of Lyons is said to have discovered an expeditious method of fattening cattle, which consists in giving them cod-liver oil. Perhaps the good done by this substance in *phthisis pulmonalis* is more apparent than real; but experience will show whether its administration tends to promote or arrest the consumption of butcher's meat.

SERENADE TO LINCOLN.

BY A BAND OF NIGGERS.

AIR—"Ole Zip Coon."



LAY, banjo and bones,
sing de possum up a
tree,
And de cooney in de
hollar, to kick up a
jubilee,
For you nebber hear sitch
news as old ABE LIN-
COLN's last decree,
To say dat him a goin' for
to set de nigger free.
Ole ABE LINCOLN, him
berry 'cute and clobber,
Ole ABE LINCOLN, him
berry 'cute and clobber,
Ole ABE LINCOLN, him
berry 'cute and clobber,
Ole ABE LINCOLN, de Pres-
ident for ebber!

Did you ebber see a wild
goose a tossin' on de
ocean?
Ole ABE LINCOLN, him am
jes in dat ar motion.
De wabes roar so loud,
and de winds dey rage
so jolly,
And de wild goose at
sea gobble golly, olly,
olly!

Ole ABE, &c.

STONEWALL JACKSON de ebberlastin' rebel,
And GENERAL LEE, dey whip um to de debble.
Says ole ABE LINCOLN, "Now mind how you behaves,
"If you go on so I shall 'mancipate yer slaves."
Ole ABE, &c.

Ole ABE LINCOLN, he mean to 'mancipate
All de niggers only in ebbery rebel state,
So he don't wipe slick out all slavery dark blot,
But leave someting ob him more dan lilly grease spot.
Ole ABE, &c.

All loyal States, deir niggers is to keep,
Jes like deir hosses, deir oxes, and deir sheep,
So he reward dem, and punish dem dere udders
Declarin' dat de darkeys is to be deir men and brudders.
Ole ABE, &c.

Ole ABE's subjiks may hab deir slaves as well,
Whiles agin de rebel master de black nigger may rebel;
But dere's so many ob um as prefers to wear de collar,
Dat de risin' ob de niggers ain't no certumty to foller.
Ole ABE, &c.

You say, ole ABE, now you libbelate de black;
What a pity dat you didn't do it long time back:
Cause all de world would den have stood wid old ABE LINCOLN.
Ole ABE LINCOLN, dis am berry sad to think on!
Ole ABE, &c.

Good night, ole ABE, play de neck-or-nothin' game,
Hab your last fling; him afeard you miss yer aim,
Don't lie awake to-night a tossin' on yer piller,
But rest, like de wild goose, a sleepin' on de biller.
Ole ABE, &c.

COCKNEY CRITICISM.

AMONG the notices of new music wherewith some of our contempo-
raries at times delight the world, we see it said of one "*morceau pour
le piano*," that—

"The sparkling roudades of the birds are rendered with great effect."

"Sparkling roudades of the birds!" Well, what next we wonder!
We suppose we shall soon hear of the *vibrato* of the nightingale, and
the *sostenuto* notes of the blackbird or the thrush. Or we may live to
see it said of a Prize Canary Show, that such and such a feathered
songster had an exquisite organ, and won repeated plaudits by the

vehemence and clearness of its *ut de poitrine*. Song-writers may, more-
over, be catching the infection, and may speak of sylvan harmony in
the jargon of the concert-room, and apply to nature the hackneyed terms
of art. Instead of the simple unaffected,

"Hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"

we shall be hearing some such stilted stuff as this—

"Hark, the high soprano lark to Heaven's gate upward flies,
And executes his brilliant floritures in the skies."

The boshiness of ballad-writing long since has disgusted us; and
nonsense such as this would be really scarce more silly than much of
the fine language we have lately seen in verse.

MEMBERS FOR SALE.

CHELLENHAM has a Member, we don't know why, but it is genteel
to have one. The place, however, is rather too near Berkeley Castle,
and its influence, to make its Member of any great political signifi-
cance. We did not think, however, that the successive Members for
Cheltenham were liable to be sold, like crops, growing and future, until
we came upon the following advertisement:—

MESSRS. BEADEL and SONS are instructed to SELL by AUCTION,
at the Mart, London, on Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 12 for one, first in outlet, and if
not so sold, then in several lots, the following very valuable PROPERTIES:—The
manor of CHELLENHAM cum Mannors, with all royalties, courts leet, courts
baron, &c., &c.

There! Cheltenham Manor, and the Members. All going. We shall
attend, and see what FRANK BRIDGEMAN fetches. He's a good fellow,
and a Boodle, and sooner than see him knocked down for a song, we'll
have him, and he shall sit for *Punch*, an honour to which his relative
HENRY BRIDGEMAN aspires, but he is not up to the work. But, talk of
the Southern States, here are white Members disposed of by public
auction. We live in times which, not to put too fine a point upon it,
may be designated—ram.

THE WAY TO ROME AND VENICE.

COME, there is something in the annexed passage from MARSHALL'S
Manifesto to the Italians, not altogether so absurd:—

"If at GARIBOLDI's first generous cry you had risen up willing and unanimous—if
the ardent and languid alike, forgetting for the time all strife, had understood that
that cry must either not be raised or rendered irresistible, at this moment Rome
would be yours without war, and history would not register the shameful record,
which long sacrifices alone can cancel, that GARIBOLDI, the living incarnation of our
unity, was wounded by an Italian bullet on the path to Rome."

It is not too late for the Italians to take the really by no means
extravagant advice which is implied in the foregoing words. What is
to prevent every young man Jack or *giovannotto*—every man indeed able to
bear arms—from learning how to use the rifle? Out of upwards of twenty
millions, if every man whose voice is for Italian unity could back it
with a hand capable of putting a bullet anywhere near a bull's eye at a
few hundred yards, Rome and Venice too would very soon be theirs
"without war." Our Italian friends should, without delay, turn to,
and enrol themselves in volunteer rifle corps. If the EMPEROR OF THE
FRENCH persists in holding Rome any time, they will have that time
to practise in, and will ultimately be in a position to invite him to go
away, and likewise to send the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA a polite request
to walk out of Venice. Their Imperial Majesties will not disregard the
invitation of a people including more than a million of riflemen.

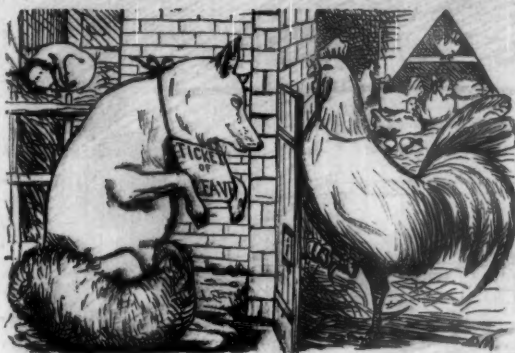
A MAD BULL IN THE CITY.

THERE is not generally much that is lively in the Money Article of a
newspaper. An exception to that rule will perhaps be recognised in the
subjoined statement, which occurred one day last week in the
"Money Market and City News" of the *Post*:—

"We stated a few days since that a 'bull' account to some extent was opened in
Consols by a respectable broker, who was somewhat eccentric in his dealings. The
amount of stock open is now understood to be £250,000 Consols. The party alluded
to addressed a letter to the Committee of the Stock Exchange, which is stated to
have been couched in very unusual and incoherent terms as regards the making up
of his account, which had the effect of depressing the market to the extent of nearly
a quarter per cent., as the stock open will doubtless have to be closed; and until
this is done it is likely to keep quotations somewhat unsettled."

A bull account indeed!—or rather a bull's account, to speak more
accurately. A gentleman "somewhat eccentric in his dealings," who
opens an account and unsettles the Money-Market to the extent of
£250,000 Consols, and then, with reference to the making up of that
account, writes the Committee of the Stock Exchange a letter "couched
in very unusual and incoherent terms," seems fearfully likely to turn
out to be, so to speak, a bull in a China shop.

MEETING OF TICKET-OF-LEAVE MEN.



N indignation meeting of pickpockets, swells - mobsmen, burglars, and gartrotters, was held the other evening, at the Cracksmen's Arms, to protest against the threatened abolition of the Ticket-of-leave system, and generally to consider the steps which should be taken to protect the vested interests of the thieves throughout the kingdom. Pipes

having been lighted, and a plentiful supply of beer and spirits being ordered, the business of the meeting was commenced by a discourse as to who should be invited to occupy the Chair. After a dispute, which was at times rather highly spiced with personalities, the choice ultimately rested upon Mr. TWISTED STRANGERS, otherwise known to the Police as the Knock-knee'd Knockemdowner, who is one of the most accomplished gartrotters now in town. In his opening speech the Chairman called attention to the fact that there was now existing, as he thought, a most objectionable wish upon the part of the respectable classes in the country (*groans*) to deprive himself and pals of many of their privileges, and among them their invaluable certificates of leave. (*Hear!*) He for one protested warmly against such interference with his liberties and rights as a freeborn British subject; and he would call on any gentleman who had anything to say upon this important subject, to speak up like a man, for no police were present. (*Hear!*)

MR. WILLIAM SYKES observed that, as a burglar of long descent, he thoroughly concurred in what the Chairman had revealed, as to the great value to himself and other members of the housebreaking community, of those certificates of character which were called Tickets-of-leave. He, MR. SYKES, was himself a living instance of their excellence and worth. (*Hear!*) But for them he would that evening have been buried in seclusion in a chamber, at his friend's the Governor of Cold Bath Fields, instead of comfortably sitting at his usual house of call, and enjoying the society of old and valued chums. (*Hear, hear!* and cries of *Here's your 'elth, old brick!*) For a trifling indiscretion committed in hot youth, when, after an attempt to crack a country crib, he had knocked down a policeman and stamped upon his stomach, he (MR. SYKES) was sentenced to imprisonment for life; but by coming the religious dodge, and gammoning the chaplain, he had obtained his freedom after three years spent in gaol, and had resumed his old vocation with encouraging success. (*Cheers.*)

MR. GRAB concurred in thinking that the Ticket-of-leave system was most eminently serviceable to gentlemen of his profession, and ought by all means in their power to be fostered and encouraged. He would suggest that LORD PALMERSTON or some other noble swell should, if possible, be got at, and be asked to pass an act for the protection of gartrotters, and for facilitating the acquirement of certificates of leave. He thought that if a cove attended chapel regular, the first month he was quodded, and always woke up in time to join in the Amens, such virtue should alone entitle him to have a ticket, and his piety should be rewarded with, to say the least, a gilt-edged prayer-book, which, if he chose to sport it, would be worth a pot of beer to him, if it did him no more good. (*Hear, Hear!*)

MR. CENTREBIT remarked, in a casual sort of way, that he had cracked as many cribs as any gentleman he knew, and for his expertness in pursuing his vocation he was indebted mainly to the Ticket-of-leave system, but for which he would be still a resident in quod. (*Hear.*)

MR. JUDAS SMOUCH observed that he had long enjoyed the happiness to deal with MR. CENTREBIT and other shentlemen who wanted to dispose of stolen goods; and he felt persuaded that his interests would suffer if the Ticket-of-leave system were to be abolished.

MR. SMASHER said that as for England being a free country, he indignantly denied the fact. Coves bragged about the liberty enjoyed by British subjects, but at every street corner you were safe to see a crusher ready any moment to cart you off to quod. (*Shame!*) He, MR. SMASHER, had no wish to complain; but a cove, you know, must live (*a voice, "Except as he gets scragged!"*), and he really thought that parties who called themselves respectable, had no right to take such pains for the protection of their property (*hear, hear!*), and so deprive him and his pals of a comfortable livelihood. (*Cheers.*) If it wasn't that by means of a certificate of leave, a cove could now get out of quod almost as soon as he got into it, England really would become a country not worth living in; for what with patent safety locks, and crushers, and detectives, people took such blessed care of their own property, that they scarcely gave a cove a chance of getting hold of it. (*Cheers and cries of shame!*)

MR. SWAG concurred most fully with the words of the last speaker, and he might perhaps have added a few words of his own, but he and MR. CENTREBIT had a job on hand that evening, and so their time was precious. He would therefore briefly move the following Resolution, which his old pal SAM the Scollard had helped him to draw up:—

"That, in the opinion of this honourable meeting, the Ticket-of-leave system

works most admirably well, and is essential to the interests of thieves of all descriptions; and this meeting considers the attempt which is on foot to deprive them of their privilege is a flagrant violation of the rights of free-born Britons, and as such ought to be opposed by every proper-minded person."

The resolution, being Seconded by MR. FILCHER PRIG, was then put formally to the meeting, and unanimously carried; and the Chairman was proceeding to elect a deputation for waiting upon Parliament with a petition in the matter, when it was suddenly announced that the Police were approaching, whereupon the meeting separated in some slight confusion.

JOHN BULL TO GARIBALDI.

MY DEAR GARIBALDI, what shall I do,
Beyond what I've done, to satisfy you?
For many a year have I stretched my hands
To shake them with men of all other lands.

My Brothers, I've said, arise and be free,
Observe what I do, and imitate me.
Lay down my prostrate, and priestcraft low,
But bide ye your time ere you strike the blow.

Oh, kick all your despots off and affe,
That drag you to die for their fume in war;
Renounce the vain glory that makes you slaves,
And tools that subserve Imperial leaves.

I've called upon France, and bellowed to Spain,
To Germany cried again and again,
I call to the Yankees every day;
They turn a deaf ear to all that I say.

I'm evermore crying, Now, then, my mates,
Do, pray, leave off coating vessels with plates,
From forging new cannon let us all cease,
And carry on business, trading in peace.

Ferocious abuse and truculent threat
Is all the return I ever had yet,
Except from one Hero, true man alone,
Whose favour, received, these lines are to own.

CONVERSION OF THE FRENCH.

YOUNG France's Hebrew Guardian, M. FOULD, has actually pulled the gay young fellow's accounts almost straight, and is teaching him to save money. We are delighted with the balance-sheet just issued, and expect to see edifying results. In private life most of us have had the pleasure of beholding such reforms. Some prudent friend takes hold of young CHARLEY RATTLETON, and converts him to economy, and how we smile. CHARLEY, who never had any money in his pocket, except just enough to muddle away in paying cabmen too much, buying cigars when he should have stuck to Cavendish, and travelling first-class when his betters were going second, suddenly becomes prudent—looks at the change that is given him, wears his second best hat on a wet day, and actually walks instead of taking a Hansom. He gives you mysterious hints about his stock-broker, pretends to read the share-list, and in general conversation tries it on with Bank-parlour slang, which, as no two people mean the same by any financial definition, answers very well, and awes the women. We hope to see young France come out in similarly respectable fashion, and instead of talking swagger about shooting in Mexico, volunteering in Italy, and other expensive diversions, begin to be grave, and speak of Postal Savings' Banks, Water-company Shares, Street Drainage, and such like *desiderata* in Paris. Talk of Converting the Jews, what shall be done unto a Jew who has converted a Christian nation—and a lot of its debt?

Books for the Sick.

(A joke attempted by "a bad sailor" coming over to Folkestone.)

We see a long announcement of Books under this title. We had, for an obvious reason, thought that all Educational works deserved the name. For what is education except—Steward! Steward!



MORE FREE THAN WELCOME—A PROSPECTIVE FIX.

Nigger. "NOW DEN, MASSA JONATHAN, WHAT YOU GOIN' TO DO WID DIS CHILD? EH?"

ABE'S LAST CARD; OR, ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

BRAG's our game; and awful losers
We've been on the *Red*.
Under and above the table,
Awfully we've bled.
Ne'er a stake have we adventured,
But we've lost it still,
From Bull's Run and mad Manassas,
Down to Sharpsburg Hill.

When luck's desperate, desperate venture
Still may bring it back:
So I'll chance it—neck or nothing—
Here I lead **THE BLACK!**
If I win, the South must pay for 't,
Pay in fire and gore:
If I lose, I'm ne'er a dollar
Worse off than before.

From the Slaves of Southern rebels
Thus I strike the chain:
But the slaves of loyal owners
Still shall slaves remain.
If their owners like to wop 'em,
They to wop are masters;
Or if they prefer to swop 'em,
Here are our shin-plasters!

There! If that 'ere Proclamation
Does its holy work,
Rebeldom's annihilation
It did oughter work:
Back to Union, and you're welcome
Each to wop his nigger:
If not, at White let slip darky—
Guess I call that vigour!

JUST THE FAITH FOR FRANCE.

It is too commonly asserted that our lively neighbours, the French, have no religion. If this assertion were true, their want of a faith would now be in the way of getting very soon supplied. According to the *Paris Correspondent* of a contemporary:—

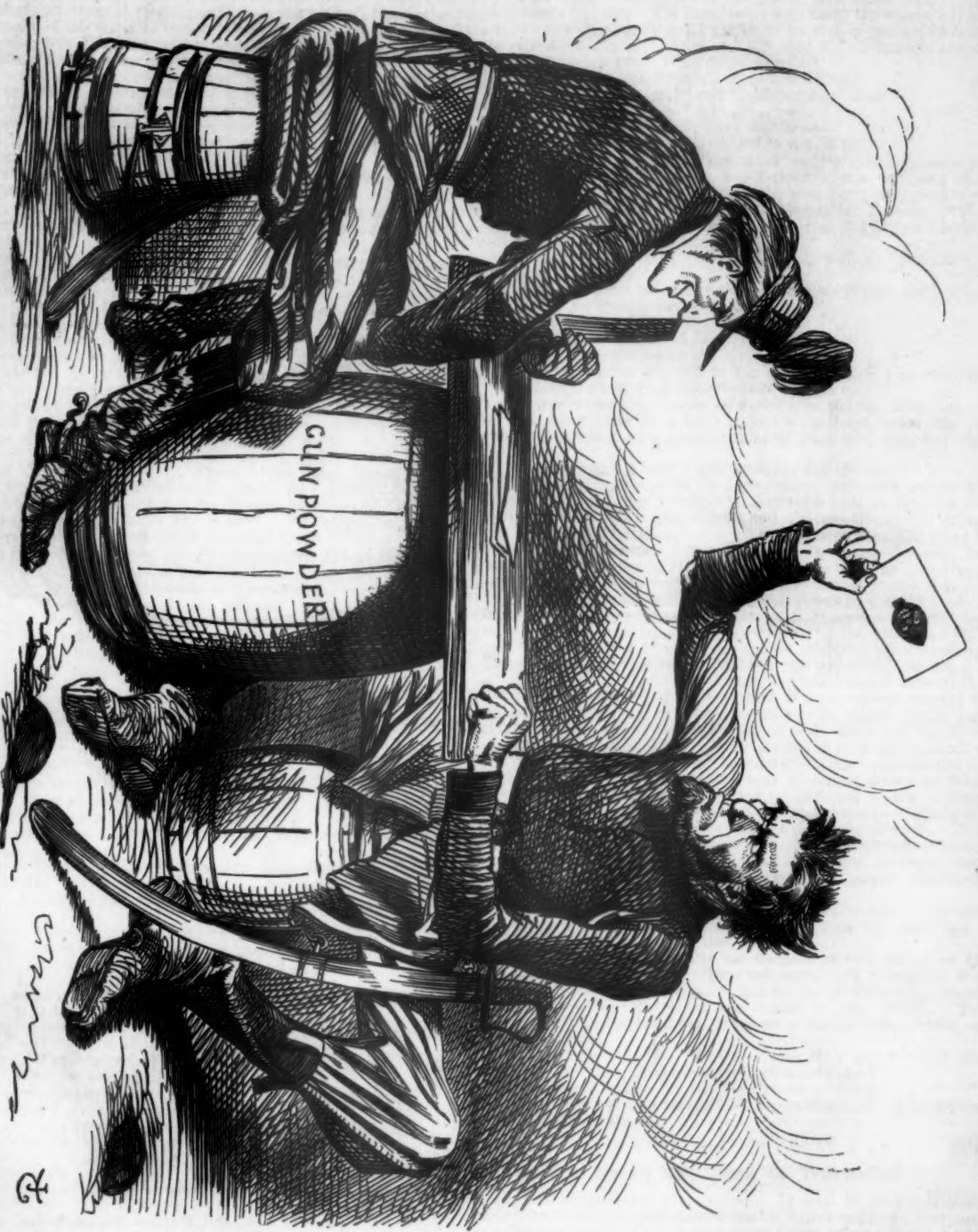
"A prophet from Utah, explaining to the Parisians the mysteries of Mormonism, has appeared in this novelty loving metropolis. Fearing that the police would not allow the public dissemination of the marvellous doctrines of his sect, he has committed to the press a volume which seems to promise to have an extraordinary circulation, if its contents are correctly stated. M. BERTRAND, the missionary in question, is a Frenchman, and BRIGHAM YOUNG has dispatched him from the Great Salt Lake to preach the doctrine of the last days of the saints, and to prove that polygamy and public property ought to supersede the old European doctrine of a single wife, and every man keeping for himself what his honest industry can accumulate."

If the French drama is a mirror which reflects French Society, it is not too much to say that Mormonism is just the religion that the people of France, as many of them as have none, might be expected to adopt. They have been quite prepared to receive it by the preaching of the "*Emancipation of the Flesh*," a doctrine which has become very popular. M. BERTRAND will doubtless make many converts to the creed of JOSEPH SMITH, and would make more if the Ultramontane priests were allowed to roast him; for the dripping of heretics is the prolific principle of heresy.

There is one expression in the paragraph above-quoted, which we are anxious to rectify. Polygamy is placed in antithesis to "the old European doctrine of a single wife." We must be allowed to remark that the old doctrine of Europe in general is that of a married wife. If the doctrine of a single wife prevails anywhere it must be in Ireland. In making this observation, we trust we shall not be deemed hypercritical.

Forgiveness of Injuries.

So an amnesty is granted to GARIBOLDI. Very good. In England, when we have trodden on the toe of a great man, we beg his pardon. In Italy you pardon him when you have shot him in the ankle.



ABE LINCOLN'S LAST CARD; OR, ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

A THEATRICAL ELECTION.

MR. PUNCH observes that the paternal Government of France (which obligingly interferes in everything, from an astronomer's theories on the movement of the world to the *cow* balloons flown by the children in the Tuileries gardens) has stepped into one of the provincial theatres. There has been a Tweedledum and Tweedledee battle, touching the comparative merits of a brace of "robust tenors," and the partisans of each have resorted to that form of criticism which is expressed by hissing every note of his rival. So awful a crisis demanded the *deus ex machina*, and he has appeared. An edict prohibits anybody from hissing at all, and "the votes of the theatre-going public" are to be regularly taken at a bureau, after which the successful candidate will be declared duly elected, and entitled to sing, with the whole force of the Government of France for a *claque*.

Mr. PUNCH laughed, of course, and then began to speculate upon the exceeding good fun which might be got out of some similar arrangement in England.

Suppose that MR. CHARLES KEAN and MR. ROBSON were engaged at the same theatre, and it were desired to produce some play a little above the range of either artist, but still one in which respective admirers might like to see their favourite. Let us say *Othello*. To please both sides, the management has put up the tragedy every night, the two actors alternately playing the Moor of Venice. MR. ROBSON's friends have commented upon MR. KEAN's readings with a volley of Barcelona nuts, and MR. KEAN's admirers, who are stated to be more of the aristocratic order, have retaliated with the best Seville oranges. The public is scandalised, the papers daily make mirth or seriousness of the "disgraceful proceedings," and at length SIR RICHARD MAYNE clears the theatre, and SIR GEORGE GREY orders that an election for the Representation of *Othello* shall take place, appointing MR. PAUL BEDFORD (by the kind permission of MR. WEBSTER) Returning Officer. The day of election is fixed for Michaelmas Day, being the Festival of St. Michael (Oranges) and All Goose, and the place of voting is 85, Fleet Street (by the kind permission of Mr. PUNCH). The play-going public is commanded to choose between ROBSON and KEAN.

The votes are taken over Mr. PUNCH's counter, and as the clock of St. Bridget or Bride strikes ten, the doors are opened by the Boy, who saves his life by a miracle of Leotardiness, and the foremost electors, forcibly propelled by the behinder ones, hastily bang their stomachs against Mr. PUNCH's mahogany, and are brought up short, and with red faces.

"Take your time, my people," says Mr. PUNCH, affably lighting his after-breakfast cigar. "You have all the day before you. Clerks, attention!"

"I believe you, my boys!" remarks the Returning Officer.

"For whom do you poll," is duly asked of a stout party who has described himself as JOHN SMITH, of Highbury.

"ROBSON!" roars SMITH, in a determined manner. There is a popular shout for first blood, and Mr. PUNCH, jumping on the counter, declares that he will have none of those indecent manifestations of party feeling. They are convoked for a solemn duty, and there is a police station just over the way.

The next voter is PETER WILCOX, of Brompton. Interrogated, responds,

"Well, Sir, I think MR. ROBSON plays some characters very finely, and indeed in his own line——"

"We don't want your theatrical opinions, but your vote," thunders Mr. PUNCH.

"MRS. WILCOX, Sir, who is more of a playgoer than I am——"

"More shame for you, leaving your poor wife to go to the play by herself. You are an unworthy character, and shan't vote. Turn him into Fleet Street," exclaims Mr. PUNCH.

"My name is JEFFREY WOBBLETON, I live in the Temple, and I vote for CHARLES KEAN, because I knew his father."

"The assigning such a reason is proof of idiocy," remarks Mr. PUNCH, "and disqualifies the voter."

SAMUEL VEREBRATTE, of Clapham, also tenders his vote for MR. KEAN, on the ground that he did not know his father.

"Then you ought to have known his father," roars Mr. PUNCH.

"But, Sir, I am only five-and-twenty."

"More shame for you, and don't do it again. You may vote."

EBENEZER CULLCHICKWARD, of Hammersmith.

"I object to that vote," says a voice. "The law says a playgoer. That party ain't no playgoer. He objects to theatres, says they are aunts of vice, and at best a waste of time. He has no right to say nothing."

"Respond, EBENEZER," says Mr. PUNCH.

"I admit the facts, and vote for MR. KEAN, because, being less attractive than MR. ROBSON, he will ensnare the fewer, Sir."

"Have you been to the theatres to discover this?"

"Yes, Sir, but to avoid encouraging their wickedness, I always went in with an order, and hissed."

"Turn him into Fleet Street. Come on, people, are you going to be

all day? Hullo, 'a lady." (*Murmurs.*) "What does that mutinous noise mean?"

Some Voices. "Women ought not to vote."

"But they shall vote," storms Mr. PUNCH, in a fearful rage. "It is a woman's question. The theatres are kept up by the women. Who'd go to a theatre when he could smoke at his club in peace, if he hadn't to convoy his females? Come up, M'm, and I'll disfranchise anybody who even pushes you. What's your name?"

"MATILDA JEMIMA JUDKINS, Kennington Oval."

"I believe you, my girl!" said the Returning Officer.

"And you vote for——," asks Mr. PUNCH.

"MR. ROBSON, of course. Bless you, Sir——"

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, M'm."

"Oh, he is so funny. I declare that when he played in something, I forget the name of the piece, but I think it was something about Mr. BENSON, so it might be the Clockmaker's Hat; no, it couldn't be that, because it was something about obliging Mr. BENSON. Well, it doesn't matter what the name of the piece was, but I know I laughed till the tears ran down my face."

"And, therefore, M'm," said Mr. PUNCH, smiling, "you think he ought to play *Othello*?"

"Well, a clever man's a clever man all the world over, and a person who can play one thing can play another."

"Can you play cribbage, MRS. JUDKINS?"

"Yes, Sir, pretty well. I like it."

"Can you play the ophicleide, MRS. JUDKINS?"

"You ought to be ashamed to ask a woman such a question, Sir. What, that great smorting thing?—Lor! are you mad?"

"As is cribbage to ophicleide, so is BENSON to *Othello*, M'm; but you do not argue badly for a lady critic, and as I am aware that you express the sense of a large portion of your sex, you may vote. Eh, PAUL?"

"I believe you, my boy!" said the Returning Officer.

Various incidents marked the day's polling, and some trouble was occasioned by a young gent from an attorney's office who insisted that MR. BEDFORD ought to play *Othello*, and who would vote for nobody else. A splendid testimonial that had been presented to MR. KEAN by his friends, was paraded before the door in the course of the day, but was instantly removed by Mr. PUNCH's orders, as being an intimidating device. Several actors voted, but under protest that though their candidate might be better than the other, neither was fit to hold a candle to themselves. Two Shaksperian commentators desired to make their votes conditional on the candidate's coming to the voter, and being coached up in the part, of which, in the voter's opinion, he knew nothing. Three fast men, who understood that the play was *Othello* according to *Act of Parliament*, refused to poll when they heard that it was only that awful old blank-verse bosh. An admirer of new readings insisted on the candidate for whom he voted undertaking that *Othello* should hang himself, but was utterly smashed by Mr. PUNCH's reply that the Moor, at the time of his suicide, was already suspended from the command of the Venetian army. The candidates kept pretty near together, and the struggle waxed very fierce as the hour of closing drew near, when bribery was said to be freely resorted to, partisans of MR. ROBSON offering tickets to see him in *Daddy Hardacre*, and friends of MR. KEAN tendering admissions to his performance of *Louis the Eleventh*. Even on these terms, the best either side could offer, no very great difference in the numbers occurred until 3.30, when Mr. PUNCH, throwing away the butt-end of his seventy-fourth cigar, demanded to vote. The crowd gave way.

"I poll for MR. KEAN. (*Sensation.*) Unhesitatingly. His performance is after my own heart, and (*modestly*) I do not think that I could play *Othello* much better than he does."

From this moment the election was virtually settled, and when St. Bride's struck four, and Mr. PUNCH ordered his now triumphant Boy to avenge his morning wrongs by kicking the public into the street, it was known that MR. KEAN was elected to play *Othello*. The declaration of the poll and the addresses of the candidates were, of course, postponed.

"A hard day's work, MR. BEDFORD," said Mr. PUNCH. "Will you come up to my room, and have some Hock and Seltzer?"

"I believe you, my boy!" said the Returning Officer.

Why shouldn't we have this sort of thing in England? Why are the French to have all the fun?

The Bishop Most Eager for Translation.

No, we don't mean *you*, DOCTOR —. It must be that poor little foolish converted English BISHOP whom his Popish employers have used as a Bourbon tool, and who is lying in an Italian prison under a heavy sentence. Couldn't he be let out, Italia? You don't keep cages for such very helpless little rats as that? RATAZZI for the sake of your name, let him go. Translate that very little BISHOP, and give him letters dimissory to Rome. Please let him out. We wouldn't ask it if he were other than harmless, but what can be feared from such a "convertite?"



CLARA (tripping on to the Parade tumbles up against that young man coming round the corner). "Oh! I beg your pardon! I hope I haven't—"

SWELL. "Haw, not at all—don't mention it; po'm' word rather like it!"

SABBATARIAN ASSERTION.

At Edinburgh the other day, a meeting was held by numerous enemies of religious liberty. The LORD PROVOST, according to the *Times*, presided over them, and the assembly of bigots comprised the leading members of the Presbyterian and other sects, including adherents of the Free Kirk desirous of abridging the freedom of others. The object of these fanatics was to oppose a petition signed by 1,400 of the working classes and addressed to the Lords of the Treasury, asking that the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens shall be open on Sunday. This course of Sabbatarian was harangued by DOCTORS MUIR, GUTHRIE, THOMSON, and BEGG, and by some sanctimonious and stupid bailies. They had the folly to vote resolutions:—

"Expressing regret and alarm that the gardens should be sought to be opened on the Lord's Day . . . and setting forth that such a proposal was opposed not only to the Divine commandment, but to the law and usages of Scotland, and the convictions and feelings of the great majority of the Scottish people, and that setting aside the authority of the Sabbath as a Divine institution would remove the only efficient barrier which protects the working man from uninterrupted labour."

The only truth which the foregoing statement contains, if it contains any, is the assertion that a tyrannical Scotch majority is desirous of shutting the minority of Scotchmen out of the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens on a Sunday. We trust, however, that not even this is true, and that the population of Scotland does not chiefly consist of fools no better than real thistle-eating asses. The last of the above-quoted assertions is one of such a nature that those who concurred in it would agree in saying anything, regardless of veracity. Why, Kew Gardens have long been open to the English Public on a Sunday. Does the English workman, then, lead a life of uninterrupted labour? Perhaps the LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH, and the gentlemen whose names we had rather not repeat, and the stupid unscrupulous zealots who constituted their audience, would not hesitate to say that he does.

Black Ingratitude.

SAMBO don't feel the Proclamation,
Like Liberty's benignant spell, come,
For, judging by the detestation
Shown in the North for SAMBO's nation,
Our black friend's much more Free than Welcome.

THE GORILLA'S DILEMMA.

(To PROFESSOR OWEN & HUXLEY.)

SAY am I a man and a brother,
Or only an anthropoid ape?
Your judgment, be't one way or 'tother,
Do put into positive shape.
Must I humbly take rank as quadruman
As OWEN maintains that I ought:
Or rise into brotherhood human,
As HUXLEY has flatt'ringly taught?

For though you may deem a Gorilla
Don't think much of his rank in creation,
If of feeling one have a scintilla,
It glows to know "who's one's relation"—
Apes and monkeys (now crowding by dozens
Their kinship with us to have proved),
Or an OWEN and HUXLEY for cousins,
Though, it may be, a little removed.

If you ask me my private opinion,
(Which humbly through *Punch* is submitted)
For which sphere of nature's dominion
I seem to myself to be fitted:
To speak with decision I'm funky,
Nature's field when I selfishly scan,
For in some points if man's above monkey,
In some monkey's far above man.

My ignorance needs no apologies—
With anatomy nought I've to do—
This, with all the appurtenant "ologies"
I leave, my professors, to you.
But the points wherein I say that man
Must perforce monkey own his superior,
Are where man apes the apes all he can,
And yet to the apes is inferior.

Thus, in power of jaw apes beat fellows
Of your own scientific societies;
The P.R. they outrival in "bellows."
In gymnastics your first notorieties.
What's BLONDIN to every chimpanzee,
Or LEOTARD great in *trappèze*?
If their feats rouse the public to frenzy,
What rapture a gibbon should raise!

You've low comedy actors consummate
In gagging, grimacing and chaff;
But in many who'd BUCKSTONE look glum at
The monkey-cage wakens a laugh.
What are "Cures," Nigger-dances and jibes
To the black spider-monkey's contortions?
Before preacher-monkeys by tribes
How small seem one SPURGEON's proportions!

One distinction alleged I must say—
Betwixt man and monkey is hollow—
Where monkey or man shows the way,
Other men, other monkeys will follow.
But from all points of difference one turns
To this crowning divergence to come,
Not one man in a thousand o'er learns
To keep silent—all monkeys are dumb!

For distinctions of brain—cerebellum—
Posterior lobe,—hippocampus—
I leave you to cut down or swell 'em,
They are scarce the distinctions to stamp us.
Now this way now that, without end,
I'm swayed by the pros and the cons,
As I feel man and monkey contend
Which in nature's domain are the dons.

Then help me, Professors, I pray;
For English opinion I value;
(You can't think how I suffered when GRAY
So pitched into me, through DU CHAILLU)
Anatomy out of the question,
Had I better be monkey or man,
By enlightened self-interest's suggestion?
Say you—for hang me, if I can.

A VOICE FROM CAMBRIDGE.

Guildhall, 1862, Oct. 1st, 8:30 P.M.

THE place is as hot
As a chimney-pot,
And somebody there is uttering, uttering—
What does he say?
(We can't get away)
Verily that discourse wants buttering.

"No less than twenty thousand pounds,
For excellent reasons, on glorious grounds,
We have lent or spent or given or lost,
To men of the stamp of old Zoroaster,
Who waste their lives and eke their livings,
To find out why the lightning quivers,
And how the heat comes out of the sun,
And whither the tremulous meteors run,
And whence the wind its anger draws,
To find, in short, some physical cause
That superintends all physical laws.

"Where thy cleaner waters glide,
O Thames, show the London tide,
Stands the Association's pride;
A Dome of Science, fair to view,
Among the flowery walks of Kew."

(Here the President sought to drink,
Somebody helped him in less than a wink.)

"At Kew the Photo-Heliograph—"
(Great applause; too much by half;
And a man behind me dared to laugh.)
"The Photo-Heliograph at Kew,
As everybody knows, is due
To Mr. WARREN DE LA RUE,
He took it out to Spain,
In a float of ships,
To observe the eclipse,
And brought it back again.
Here are Barometers,

Here are Thermometers,
Here are Hygrometers,
Carefully tested.
With all that is extant
In Quadrant or Sextant,
With all Anemometers,
All Dynamometers,
All Goniometers,
Kew is infested.

"Wide researches have been made,
Some on shore, and some in ocean;
The cost of instruments is paid
Out of the funds of the British Association.

"A vessel, specially fitted out
For the purpose, did survey
The British coast all roundabout,
And the colonies far away,
Very magnetically
Hydrotheoretically;
Don't forget what I say.

"A word or two about the progress
Of Science, sweet celestial progress.

"Monsieur DELAUNAY, the man of the moon,
Has made up his back, and will print it
in moon.

"The name of the great sky-scraper, CHAISEUR,
That name already is known
Through Europe, America, Africa, Asia;
And not on this globe alone,
But even in the starry heights of heaven;
For he journeyed upward, six or seven
English miles,
Above the house-tiles,
In mortal flesh and bone.

"Chemistry thrives:—
A man who dives
Into its darkest deepest nooks
Says he has blended,
Heaven-blessed,
Carbon with hydrogen." (Oh, Endosmose!)
"And hence other compounds, more composite
still,
Have answered the call of alchemical skill;
And he bids fair soon to produce such mixtures
As only are found in organical fixtures."

(The President, uniformly dry,
How grew thirsty and so did I.)

"Why need we tell you how Mr. BAKER BAKER
Has been exerting his mental muscle,
In finding relations of force and form,
Between a model ship in a storm
And waves as high as huge Cain's Gorn?"

"Artillerymen at Shoeburyness
Have made away with—I should guess—
Five hundred thousand, more or less,
Projectiles. Mrs. FAIRBANKS knows;
But cannot very well disclose.

"The International Exhibition
Shows the good of competition
In things of mechanical power;
There's many a locomotive engine,
Would run from London to Stonehenge in
Less than a solar hour."

And still the place
Grows hotter apace:—
A flue—and a chimney-sweep—
Voluptuous feeling—
The brain is melting—
And I'm—a-going to sleep.

THE MISSING LINK.



Gorilla and the Negro. The woods and wilds of Africa do not exhibit an example of any intermediate animal. But in this, as in many other cases, philosophers go vainly searching abroad for that which they would readily find if they sought for it at home. A creature manifestly between the Gorilla and the Negro is to be met with in some of the lowest districts of London and Liverpool by adventurous explorers. It comes from Ireland, whence it has contrived to migrate; it belongs in fact to a tribe of Irish savages: the lowest species of the Irish Yahoo. When conversing with its kind it talks a sort of gibberish. It is, moreover, a climbing animal, and may sometimes be seen ascending a ladder laden with a hod of bricks.

The Irish Yahoo generally confines itself within the limits of its own colony, except when it goes out of them to get its living. Sometimes, however, it sallies forth in states of excitement, and attacks civilised human beings that have provoked its fury. Large numbers of these

OUT not which is the preferable side in the Gorilla controversy. It is clearly that of the philosophers who maintain themselves to be the descendants of a Gorilla. This is the position which commends itself to right-minded men, because it tends to expand the sphere of their affections, inasmuch as it gives them a broader view of their species. Hitherto, however, there has been one argument against the Gorilla theory, very difficult to get over, namely, that there is no known fact whatever which affords it the least foundation. This is a deficiency which we trust we are about to supply.

A gulf, certainly, does appear to yawn between the

Yahoos have been lately collecting themselves in Hyde Park on a Sunday, and molesting the people there assembled to express sympathy with GARIBOLDI and the cause of United Italy. The Yahoos are actuated by an abject and truculent devotion to the Pope, which urges them to fly at all manner of persons who object to grovel under the Papal tyranny, and all others who assist or even applaud them in the attempt to throw it off. Nevertheless they will howl for their own liberty to do what they please like so many *Calibans*. They were organised by the Pontifical Government to fight the Italians, at Castelfidardo, where they failed, perhaps from want of sufficient dexterity to handle a rifle. Here they assail the friends of the Italian monarchy with the weapons which come more natural to them; clubs and stones. In this sort of warfare they are more successful than they were on the field of battle; and their numbers, strength, and ferocity have struck such terror into the minds of the authorities, that the latter have judged it expedient to yield to them. They have accordingly succeeded in the attempt to stifle the expression of public sentiment by intimidation. It is not wonderful that creatures so like the Gorilla should frighten anybody; let alone the LORD MAYOR.

The somewhat superior ability of the Irish Yahoo to utter articulate sounds, may suffice to prove that it is a development, and not, as some imagine, a degeneration of the Gorilla.

It is hoped that the discovery, in the Irish Yahoo, of the Missing Link between Man and the Gorilla, will gratify the benevolent reader, by suggesting the necessity of an enlarged definition of our fellow-creatures, conceived in a truly liberal and catholic spirit.

Too Bad, Really!

Look alive, Yankee! work is not so slack
That you with fancied wrongs should hold communion,
Think of a fellow with a good broad back
Whining because he's turned out of the Union!

REFINEMENT OF THE COARSER CLASSES.

WE are authorised to state that all Candidates for the position of cabman, omnibus conductor, and railway official, ought to be required to pass an examination in language and manners, satisfactorily testing their qualifications for employment in the Civil Service.



CUB-HUNTING.

WILKINSON WONDERES WHY THE DOOCES THEY CAN'T GO OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY.

HARBEN'S LOVE SONG.

AIR—" Kathleen Mavourneen."

ZOSTERA MARINA, grim Manchester's shaking,
One half of her steam-engines silent and still,
No Cotton's at hand, and we're all in a taking
To know where to turn for new grist for the Mill.
It seems to myself that the notion was clever,
(It came as I wandered by ocean, apart)
Thy fibre to take, and to make the endeavour
To give drooping labour another fresh start.

ZOSTERA MARINA, though Manchester slumbers,
And sneers apathetic my labours requite,
I'm happy to know that inventors in numbers
Believe that my notion's substantially right.
So, ZOSTERA MARINA, though wise folks are calling
My project a thing that can never succeed,
He'll never climb high who's too frightened of falling:
The proof of the pudding's in eating, my Weed.

THE PURIFICATION OF PARIS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes word that:—

"A new system for laying the dust without watering the carriage-way has been for some time in operation in the Avenue des Champs Elysées. It consists of sprinkling the road with chloride of lime, which, being remarkable for its power of absorbing moisture, soon becomes damp, and thereby prevents any dust from rising even in the hottest day."

Whether this plan will answer or no remains for a drier season than the past to decide; but if it succeeds in laying the dust, let us hope it will be introduced throughout Paris. Chloride of lime has, besides the property of absorbing moisture, that of destroying unpleasant odours; and in sprinkling it about the French capital to lay the dust the scavenger will, as it were, kill two birds with one stone.

CARNAL CARNEY.

OUR 'devout friend the *Earthen Vessel* has a delightfully unctuous paragraph on its esteemed cover:—

PLUMBING, PAINTING, PAPER-HANGING, &c.

W. and G. PUTTY, Plumbers (whose principles accord with this Magazine), have commenced Business in the above Line, beg the favour and support of Friends who wish for the prosperity of the Household of Faith, and also solicit their recommendation, assuring them that the utmost reliance may be placed in them, both as to material and workmanship, being practical and experienced workmen.

Certainly, when one thinks of it, one feels the importance of knowing what magazine is approved by the man who comes in to mend one's water-pipes, though we think that we could easily indicate the magazine most likely to be sought by a plumber, whose business is with lead. But any worldly caviller at the above announcement, who, in his carnal wisdom may call it unmitigated and profane cant, had better shut his "onrighteous" mouth. The sarcasm, scarcely concealed, redeems the apparent blarney. Household of Faith, indeed! It must be a household of faith of the most absolute description, faith cognate with fatuity, that could be attracted by such a bait—that could be lubricated by such greasiness. We only hope that the advertisers do not mend the pipes with such exceeding soft solder as they apply to the public, or the Household of Faith may suffer by the New River Works.

Charade.

BY AN UNEDUCATED BUT INDIGNANT COUNTRY VISITOR TO THE INTERNATIONAL.

WHAT VEILLARD proved he could not do,
What MORRISH sells uncommon tough,
Make up a Station where a crew
Of railway coves use people rough. CATERHAM.

THEATRICAL INQUIRY.—*Question for Lord Llanoeer.* HAS MISS JONES a right to call herself MISS HERBERT?